



Broken Fragments by TigerGirl1959

Category: IT

Genre: Hurt-Comfort, Romance

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2017-10-27 09:10:36

Updated: 2017-10-27 09:10:36

Packaged: 2019-12-12 04:54:02

Rating: M

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,596

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: What if Henry had found Patrick before it was too late? What if the bullies of Derry had been there for each other? What if the Losers and the Bowers gang have to work together to rise up against the evil that haunts their town? What if there was a way of fixing the broken fragments they had become? Henry/Patrick. M/M Slash.

Broken Fragments

A/N Hi! So I haven't written anything for a while but wanted to get back into the swing of creating stories...especially when the plot bunny would not leave me alone where Henry Bowers and Patrick Hockstetter were concerned **sigh**

Warnings: Slash! M/M Henry/Patrick. Spoilers. Slight AU. Patrick is his own warning. Then again, so is Henry...

It was gone! How could something just disappear like that?! It was as if the blade had completely and utterly vanished into thin air.

If he couldn't find that knife...He was as good as dead once his father found out.

'Fuck, fuck, fuck~!'

Henry gritted his teeth, practically drawing blood from his gums at the strain now on his mouth from a mixture of emotion pulsing through his system, his fingers were cracked and bleeding with dirt covering the tips as he dug through the leaves and mud that were scattered across the forest woodland.

It was all to no avail. The pocket-knife was lost to the earth around them.

"God damn-it!" Henry cursed loudly as his voice seemingly echoed along the tree line. His fists, clutching the muck on the ground, beat into the floor. The flesh covering his knuckles pieced sharply at the sudden impact; no doubt swelling, and bruising would follow as blood droplets swung from his skin and splashed in any direction at the sheer force behind every punch.

"Henry!" There was a voice in the background. "Hey! Stop! Henry you're going to hurt yourself!" It wasn't until a hand brushed against Henry's shoulder that the mullet-hair styled teenager turned around, pushing the smaller teen away from him.

"Don't *fucking* touch me!" He roared. Glaring at the blonde-haired boy

who had been trying to help him find the blade.

Vic had landed on his backside, shaking slightly at the look Henry was giving him, it was almost animalistic.

"S-sorry, Henry," Vic quickly apologised – accidentally dragging out the *sorry*. "You were gonna hurt yourself..."

Vic pointed to Henry's hands, making him look down and see the damage that he had caused himself.

Blue eyes stared lifelessly at his battered hands. *'This is nothing,'* he thought. Bitter memories flooded his mind and he shook his head to try and get rid of them. It didn't help. *'This is nothing compared to what my dad will do to me.'*

Suddenly, a very heavily panting Belch came running up to them, stopping short of where his two friends were. The bulkier boy lay his hands on his knees, partly bent over from all of the movement and strain on his lungs, taking in a long, deep breath of oxygen – he looked between the two.

"It's no good, boss," he said through parted breaths. "-couldn't find the kid." Belch glanced around, examining the area and what could have happened while he had been off chasing the kid that Henry had prior been carving his name into. "...Is...is everything alright?"

The question was asked more to Vic than the other, the blonde teen got up with ease and dusted himself off while nodding at Belch. "Yeah, it's all fine...except we couldn't find..." He trailed off and Belch gave a grimace in response as he knew full well how much that blade had meant to their leader.

"Where's Patrick?" Henry's rough voice bellowed, his piercing orbs gleaming in the bright sunlight that beckoned through the forest.

"He..." Belch cut himself off, standing to his full height and pointing in the direction they had taken. "We split up. He went down by the river – heading to where that sewer pipe is."

Belch shook himself slightly, he hated that sewer pipe. It stank. And it was creepy as hell. They had been around that area a few times

when they were younger, usually a little intoxicated at the time, and would see who would be able to go in the furthest before freaking out or crapping themselves.

Usually the winner would be Henry. Vic wouldn't even entertain the idea of going inside and would merely stand on guard - "watching out" for any adults that came their way. Even though no one came down there. Belch would go only so far, not wanting to get lost in the maze of tunnels that were no doubt just waiting for an unknowing victim. Patrick would follow Henry like a loyal lap-dog but sure as hell wouldn't go in front.

Henry would come back out, with Patrick following, kicking the disgusting water at Vic and Belch. Calling them pansies and fags for being too afraid to enter. In all honesty; none of them had ever made it 10 feet into that creepy, smelling waste dump of a pipe.

Without so much as a warning, Henry moved forwards, following Belch's directions to where their fellow gang member would be. A sinister gleam befell his eyes; a hope brewing in his stomach that Patrick had caught that little cottage-cheese.

He was going to give the kid a beating of his life for making him lose his knife. With a quick order for the two watching his fading figure to find his blade, Henry made his way down to the river...

Drip...

...Drop

Drip...

...Drop

Henry watched the small droplets of liquid fall from the top of the sewer pipe before landing into the murky grey water that covered the ground beneath it – it was impossible to try and see what may lay within. And he was confident that he didn't want to know.

"Patrick!" He called. Eyeing the unmoving darkness that had settled itself within the sewer pipe. Henry couldn't be sure that the other teen had gone down there, and he didn't feel like wading through the

disgusting water for nothing - even if it was a tempting thought to beat the shit out of the cottage-cheese. "Patrick!"

Henry was about to call it quits and head back to the others as his former rage had all but drained from him. He assumed that the little psychopath of the group had also given up on finding Ben and had instead decided to chase Rabbit's and burn them with his make shift flame thrower. For some reason that thought alone was rather amusing.

He turned to leave.

"Argh!"

The dirty blonde stopped what he was doing, heading snapping back around to peer into the sewer pipe where a noise had just broken out from. Uncertainty crossed his mind as to whether he was imagining things...it sounded human...like a human screaming in pure fear. Who would be down there...

Unless...

...It couldn't have been...

"Arghhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!" There was another scream as heavy foot falls fell - water splashing like someone was stomping -no running-through it...there was a louder splash, a trip maybe?

Henry struggled to hear what was coming from the sewer pipe – they must have been far in as the sound echoed from within.

"...Patrick...?" The leader of the Bower gang could have kicked himself for how weak his voice came out.

Pulling out his own lighter, Henry clicked the flame on. It was a small light and barely illuminated his hand in front of his face, but it gave an outline of the sewers and that's all that he needed to tread through the yuck and mush under foot.

Henry wondered through the pipe, eyes sharp, body tense, if that was Patrick...then what the hell had made him scream like that?

A noise -too close for comfort- like a balloon being popped, and quick footsteps marching through the water came next – quickly being followed by a scream that had terror riddled with in it. It was almost paralyzing.

"Patrick?!"

Everything stopped. There was no more movement in the water. It was completely still again.

Henry gritted his teeth, willing himself to move forwards, forcing himself to. It was eerie, quiet and damn right creepy. He moved through the maze, his foot touching a few things that had lay dormant for however long.

"...Patrick?" The name fell from his lips but was barely above a whisper.

Then he heard it. A whimper. Low and soft. Henry turned the tiny light of his lighter down one of the tunnels.

Slowly the teenager carefully moved onwards. The tunnel didn't seem to go very far, in fact there appeared to be a grate at the end cutting it off from the rest of the sewer.

When Henry got closer, he made out a shape right next to the large grate, it was small, as if hiding in the corner, and was...shivering?

Stooping down, he gently moved the lighter – though the light did little to help – it let him gain a better view at whoever it was that was shaking so badly.

It looked like a young girl, clutching herself for protection, trying not to be seen by the world...or whatever it was that had scared her so much. Henry felt a pang in his chest. He knew first-hand what it was like to be scared out of his wits, thanks to his dad, and this kid was shaking like a leaf on a stormy day.

Filthy mud from the water covered them from head to toe; clearly, they had fallen into the rancid pit of liquid below in their haste to escape the maze of the sewers. Her shoulder length dark locks were leached together via the damp mess that now tangled their hair. It

hid her face from view as it was buried in the girls quaking arms and knees.

Whoever she was; she was petrified. Frightened. Vulnerable. He could relate greatly.

With his free hand, Henry delicately graced his fingertips across the dirt riddled hair before him that had already started to knot – being rather sedate as to not freak whoever it was out more – he pushed the locks behind their ear.

The whimpering -almost sobbing mess before him- quivered at his touch. Their breath heightening to sharp intakes.

"Hey..." Henry started. "I'm not gonna hurt you..." His words were spoken softly to try and ease her into looking up. He surprised himself at how gentle he sounded.

The girl just continued to shake and whimper in protest, silently begging to be left alone.

He dared to get closer, cupping his hand around the side of her smooth neck that seemed to have something smeared over it, partly forcing her to look up and meet his gaze.

Wide grey-green shaded eyes met Henry's blue ones.

Those orbs...

...Henry knew those eyes.

"Patrick?"

Patrick opened and closed his mouth a few times as if he had wanted to say something, but nothing would come out – even though dirt covered him there was blood pouring from the bridge of his nose that splattered across his jaw and down his neck. If Henry wasn't already tense beyond belief, then he would have been now as sheer fear was caught in others features.

Everyone knew Patrick was a little...wired, at best. Henry knew more about the tiny psychopath than what many thought, but seeing him

like this...

"H-H-H-Henry," the boy finally managed. Still looking like a deer in headlights. The rest of Patrick's speech was a slurred, fear struck, stuttering mess that he couldn't understand.

All he knew was that one of his friends, the one who enjoyed putting fear into people's eyes, laughed at pain, got thrilled when Henry had hurt others, was now clutching to him like he was his life line.

Part of Bowers wanted to push him away, call him a pansy, and beat the living crap out of him for touching him like he was his girlfriend or something. But another part just let it happen.

Patrick was dithering from his soaking clothes and freezing cold air; his pale skin layered with goose-bumps as he shivered into Henry's arms – desperately hunting for any form of warmth.

He wanted to know what had shaken the other so badly, but deep down, upon seeing the aftermath of the rambling teen – he didn't want to know.

"Can you walk?" Henry questioned. He tried to look at Patrick, but the boy was clinging onto him so tight that his nails would leave imprints in his skin, making it impossible to see him properly. The only answer he got was quick pace of stutters "h-h-h-hurt...a-ank-k-l-l-e..." and a few other uninterpreted words.

'He must have sprained his ankle,' Henry thought as he looked back the way he came. He wondered briefly how far Patrick had gone into the bowls of the sewer. It was so dark even with the light from his lighter.

"Come on," Henry heaved the other boy up onto his feet. Patrick was so slender compared to him he was nothing but skin and bones. Weightless.

Carefully, Henry helped Patrick put his arm around his shoulders, his own curling around the others waist to keep him from falling.

Keeping the lighter ahead of them, Henry forced the other to move forwards. They couldn't stay there. It was keeping Henry on edge too

much. Patrick practically buckled against him, not wanting to move in the sewers anymore – just wanting to curl up and hide.

Henry tried to ignore the fact that Patrick -of all people- was openly sobbing as they hobbled out of the tunnel he had previously found him in.

There was something off putting about this place. It was creeping him out greatly.

Looking either way, Henry could have sworn he saw something further down in the sewer pipe. Yeah, they had to get out of here. And now. Something just wasn't right.

Quickening his pace, Henry would have carried Patrick just to get them out of there faster had he been sure that the dark-haired teen could carry the lighter without dropping it. There was no way in hell he wanted to get lost in a place like this.

He hoped that it was his imagination, but the young Bowers thought for a second or two that their footsteps weren't the only ones within that sewer pipe. In fact, he was sure that they weren't. Once they rounded the bend, Henry saw light at the end of the tunnel -even though it was layered with overgrown vines- that was all he needed.

With one rough motion, Patrick was over Henry's shoulder and then he ran; charging for the exit. He didn't dare look behind them, Patrick's frantic breathing and loud wails was all he needed to be sure that they were well and truly being chased by someone -something.

Breaking out from the sewers – the dirty blonde didn't stop as he crashed into the raving waters – he kept running. Breathes in short outbursts to try and keep his muscles alive as he pushed through the burning in his chest.

It wasn't until Henry had thrown both himself and Patrick over the railing, collapsing in a heap on the solid ground -relieved to see Belch and Vic waiting by their beloved car- did he finally give himself a chance to look back.

There, in the distance of where he had all but bolted from the sewers,

was a single red balloon floating back towards the entrench of the sewer pipe...

d_-b

Want more? Let me know. :)